

PRICE 10 CENTS

PHANTASIES



In Memoriam.

Only yesterday thou mov'dst in our midst,
Vigorous in body, in faculties keen;
Rejoicing in life, inspired with ambition,
Speaking kind words, aiding with counsel wise,
Cheering the lonely, dispensing rare gifts,—
Consecrated to justice, to love and to truth.

Today hath befallen a strange mystery,
Like the lightning from out the clear sky;
Before us thou liest motionless, cold,
Thy pallid lips are mute, thine eyelids closed;
Perhaps thou wert tired and fell thus asleep,
Perhaps if we watch thou wilt waken again.

Ah! weary the waiting and hopeless the hope,
The casket is empty, the jewel is gone;
We mourn in distress, no comfort we find,
'Till a voice whispers, "Peace, look beyond!
"So precious a jewel, so perfect a gem,
Is reset in the midst of the Great Diadem."

It shineth resplendent in some beauteous star,
We sense its rare brilliance and know it afar;
Some bosom that yearneth for love and for light
Will worship the star on some glorious night,
Drawing spirit to earth from the heavens above,
Giving soul its rebirth, Oh! miracle of love!

Blest in the ascension, and blest in the fall,
We wait for thy coming, Thakorelal.



The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

*Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name?*

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

*There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and
friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of
virtue.—Pope.*

Inspiration

From Aurora's pencil tintings
With a blush the Eastern sky;
From the morning sunshine glinting
Snowcapped mountain peaks on high;
From the flood of sunlight streaming
O'er the dewy blossomed field;
In all varied nature beaming
Is the muses' art revealed.

From the mountain streamlet dashing,
Singing o'er its rocky way;
From the waterfall's loud splashing,
To the stillness of the bay;
From the sullen roll of ocean
Stretching endlessly away,
Doth the singer gain a notion
How to weave his mystic lay.

From the patter of the rain shower
On the roof and on the pane;
From the cloudburst in its power
Or the rushing hurricane;
From the gently falling snowflakes
To the blizzard blustering blind,
Even thunderclaps and earthquakes
Furnish food for artist mind.

From a thousand varied duties
In a life with other men;
From its million lovely beauties
Hidden from the common ken,
Doth the soul that for its portion
Drinks ambrosia every day
Crystallize each bright emotion
In a picture, song, or play.

From the memories of child days
Recollections brought from youth,
From reproof for many wild ways,
Trodden on the way to truth,
From the current deeply running,
In the sea of later years
Weaves the artist with his cunning
Pictures that can move to tears.

From a loss of great position
In a world controlled by pride;
From the ruins of ambition
Which within the heart hath died;
When in ashes hopes do smoulder
And the world seems dark and drear,
Rises then that Phoenix bolder
With a song more loud and clear.

Pictures are but shadows painted
From the hidden lens of life;
And they always will be tinted
With the memory of strife,
Whoe'er the pleasant valley seeks
Will no inspiration find;
But he who climbs the mountain peaks
Finds a message for mankind.

“God made us weak that we might fall. Gave us temptations so great that we must fall. Then God commanded us not to fall.”

—Saying.

Genius of Liberty

"It does not matter that the Creator has sown with stars the fields of ether and decked the earth with countless beauties for man's enjoyment. It does not matter that air and ocean teem with the wonders of innumerable forms of life to challenge man's admiration and investigation. It does not matter that nature spreads forth all her scenes of beauty and gladness and pours forth the melodies of her myriad-tongued voices for man's delectation. If liberty is ostracized and exiled, man is a slave, and the world rolls in space and whirls around the sun a gilded prison, a doomed dungeon, and though painted in all the enchanting hues that infinite art could command, it must still stand forth a blotch amidst the shining spheres of the sidereal heavens, and those who cull from the vocabularies of nations, living or dead, their flashing phrases with which to apostrophize liberty, are engaged in perpetuating the most stupendous delusion the ages have known. Strike down liberty, no matter by what subtile art the deed is done, the spinal cord of humanity is sundered and the world is paralyzed by the indescribable crime. Strike the fetters from the slave, give him liberty and he becomes an inhabitant of a new world. He looks abroad and beholds life and joy in all things around him. His soul expands beyond all boundaries. Emancipated by the genius of liberty, he aspires to communion with all that is noble and beautiful, and feels himself allied to all the higher order of intelligences, and walks abroad, redeemed from animalism, ignorance and superstition, a new being throbbing with glorious life." —Extract from the speech of Eugene V. Debs on "Liberty."

Leave then the cross as ye have left carved gods. But guard the fire within.

—Arnold.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other, you will find what is needful for you in a book.

—George MacDonald.

Sagittarius

This sign is regnant from Nov. 22d to Dec. 20th. The symbol of Sagittarius, the archer, points to the closing of the great Occult Drama which we have for the past year been witnessing.

The mythological symbol of Pegasus, the winged human-horse, is the true Sagittarius, and typifies the ascendancy of the human over the animal plane. The symbol points to something quite different and remote from natural evolution, which might be the first and only thing suggested. It means that the substance which formerly responded to the lower, or prior, vibration, expressing itself thus only on the animal plane, and peculiarly in that noble animal, the horse, so intimately associated with man, has now been elevated to the human plane, or to a plane assimilable by the human species.

The secret hidden from all save the very Elect is so prominently displayed in this symbol that one who comes into the consciousness of its meaning would at once be seized with the impulse to veil this Isis lest the world at large should grasp the meaning of it also. False fear! the world sees nothing of all this—nothing at all. Nevertheless, it is there to see by anyone who has power to reason logically and analogically.

The Eagle in our last lesson gave us the idea of flight, that is, volatility. But here we have apparently a fixed substance or object, yet let us not forget to note that Pegasus also has wings. For that matter, the Eagle might have been given a human face, as were the Egyptian symbols, only that the substance in question is shown more highly evolved in the quadruped than in the bird—hence, the representation of the man-horse.

At this stage our multicolored substance has assumed a deep purple which is indicative of the reign of Jupiter, and bears the insignia of royalty. Our old friend Jean d'Espagnet epitomizes the entire work of art in the following paragraph:

“Three kinds of most beautiful flowers are to be sought, and may be found in this Garden of the wise; Damask-colored Violets, the milk-white Lily and the purple and

immortal flower of love, the Amaranth. Not far from that fountain at the entrance, fresh Violets do first salute thee, which being watered by streams from the great golden river, they put on the most delicate colors of the dark Sapphire; then Sol will give thee a sign. Thou shalt not sever such precious flowers from their roots until thou make the Stone; for the fresh ones cropped off have more juice and tincture; and then pick them carefully with a gentle and discreet hand; if the Fates frown not, this will easily follow, and one White flower being plucked, the other Golden one will not be wanting; *let the Lily and the Amaranth succeed with still greater care and longer labor.*”

The only reason in the world why the planet Jupiter was reputed to govern Sagittarius is that alchemically this is a most auspicious period, and furthermore, Jupiter is but a paraphrase of “*Ja-peter*,” or Almighty-Stone—and there you have the whole secret in a nut-shell.

Planets were not originally stars in heaven, but “little planes” of development in the Work of Art. The accrediting of such development to astral influences was primarily a superstition, something akin to putting the deity which dwells in man into the skies. It is well known how that thus the ancients translated their heroes into gods. In the same way Jehovah, who formerly “walked and talked with men,” acquired a celestial throne. Likewise, Jesus, the Christ, born as a man with men, became resurrected to heaven.

But again, all these “translations” are symbolic of what actually takes place in the visible world, the material of which is being constantly transformed into the spiritual—the solid into the gaseous—and vice-versa.

What we want to do is to topple over the church towers, and tear down the sanctuaries where the trembling, benighted heathens who call themselves Christians and otherwise, may see the sunlight of Truth streaming in and behold the grinning ugliness of their hand-tooled gods. And yet again, the mystery that surrounds the godhead and the sanctuary is beautifully symbolical of the mystery that envelops the secret work of nature. It is

essentially a thing to arouse wonder and admiration, and until we understand it, reverence and fear.

Nothing but the light of science—more, the unfoldment of the conscience in man, will ever bring him up out of the dungeon in which birth and heredity have placed him, up to where he can behold the shining sun and understand the meaning of this beautiful world. No wonder in his wretched state that he prays to be released from it, considering death a blessing, and pinning his faith and hope to “mansions in the skies.” He has never beheld the beauties of this world, he has never known the joy of life, he has never conceived the grandeur of an immortal existence on the plane of knowledge and understanding. Why, even the devotees of science and art get a foretaste and fever of it. Do they not work almost with a divine frenzy to achieve for the sake of achievement? How different from the common mortal herd! who limit their days, their occupation, and their ideals!

The location of the symbol in the Grand Man at the thighs indicates a point of greatest strength. We know that the arrow could not be shot without the bow, and the sinews of the thighs give the procreative power which occultly is designated by this sign.

The developed Sagittarian is a truly remarkable individual. His great power lies in concentration and direction of will. His aim is true and he almost invariably hits the mark. You will find his affections interwoven in the woof of his thought, so that a very substantial and often beautiful fabric results. He is true as steel and loyal to a fault. He loves order and law and is apt to be over technical in his desire to be true. Usually he is found to be optimistic and self-reliant and of a peculiarly hopeful, prophetic disposition. He is rigidly economical, but, unless of an undeveloped type, never penurious. His central thought is conservation and support. He is introspective and impressionable, possesses excellent judgment in the choice of friends, to whom he is absolutely faithful. Above all things he loves and demands liberty, and yet we often find him in conditions of severe bondage or restriction, often bondage to duty or conscience which to him are guiding stars.

He should seek for associates, those of broad, progressive ideas who will take him out of ruts into which his predilection for exactitude might easily cause him to sink.

On the personal plane we find the Sagittarian to be very outspoken, often blunt, and at times exacting, again nervous and irritable and domineering. He has sensitive toes that it will not be well to tread on. When he gets ready to register his kick it will be pretty certain to reach home. Those of a very sensitive, shrinking nature should not for their own comfort and peace of mind, associate intimately with Sagittarians for they will get many a wound, and go around with their sensitive feelings tied up a large part of the time.

The Sagittarian can boast of some excellent company; Bunyan, Beethoven, Max Muller and Agassiz were Sagittarians.

A Current Question

By Elinor Starr.

A bluebird was taking his bath one day,
When he saw, in the waters, a goldfish play.
Bathing was nice, and his feathers were blue,
And dazzling to him was the golden hue
Of the graceful thing to his vision new,
So he said to the goldfish, "I'll marry you."

Then they tied a knot in the grassy sea
That bound each to the other as fast as could be;
But woe to the hour that the knot was tied,
For they never could navigate side by side.
The fish tried to swim and to fly the bird tried;
And each tortured the other till both nearly died.

They gasped and they splattered in mortal distress
Till a judge passed their way in a courtly dress,
Then they twittered a twitter, and he took his knife
And freed them both from their horrible life.
And was it an evil, and did it seem queer
For the courtly old judge to so interfere?

—The Swastika.

The Book of Life

II. DIVORCE

Divorce, like amputation, is looked upon by those who have no need of it as a dreadful thing. The prejudice against divorce is usually in proportion to the belief in the sanctity of marriage. The old dictum from Genesis, "that which God hath joined let not man put asunder," still continues to mutter its covert imprecation in our ears, schooled to regard this as the divine fiat in relation to sexual marriage. Never was there a more senseless superstition.

The orthodox church which arrogates to itself the ordination of marriage "by divine authority" together with the exclusive right of consecration, very consistently forbids its annulment, since the priest as vicegerent of the Almighty cannot be placed in the position of having committed an error. It reflects on God, and incidentally on the infallibility of the prelate.

The original idea of the church, away back somewhere in the dim beginning *may have been*, and doubtless was founded on the ideal, natural law, or solar wisdom—all religion being derived from the ancient sun-worship. At all events it conforms thereto. In Nature there is but one union (marriage) possible, and that is indissoluble, since it produces through the union itself, a New Creation, one intimately knit of the substances of the combining elements—so intimately that a new substance is actually produced. To attempt to separate (divorce) one of these elements at any moment after the union takes place is fatal to the new production. For example, to take a familiar illustration, the pulling up of a plant from the earth in which it has taken root—a species of "divorce," the result of which is well-known.

If marriage were based upon the same law and entered into in the same manner and with the same amount of sense and sanity, say, that the sower goes forth to sow, then the term "divorce" would soon become obsolete, or at least lose its odium.

Suppose a gardener, having a variety of plants and soils, makes the mistake of putting a plant into a soil

where it grows stunted, or where it droops, does he for one moment hesitate to transplant it into some soil that he believes to be better adapted to its growth?—By no means, he tries another soil, and keeps on trying until he finds the one most adaptable.

And this is exactly the meaning and utility of divorce. Two people marry, and discover later on, that a mistake has been made, that they are not adapted to each other, in any way, physically, mentally or spiritually. The analogy of the case to that of the gardener is closer than might be imagined. It is a question here also of soil and seed, the same as anywhere else in nature.

Marriage is ordained, sanctified and legalized primarily for one purpose, and one only, viz., procreation. All other purposes or objects are incidental, and cluster about the one central and well defined intent. The vital question, then, is, "What shall the harvest be?"—Can one gather figs of thistles or grapes of briars?

Divorce is both a protection and a boon to the on-coming race. When marriage was absolute, we had the dark ages. Wherever and whenever it is now made absolute, we still have the same. With the admission of divorce, comes enlightenment and freedom. Divorce is simply the application of common sense—the sense that recognizes necessity. To hedge it about with many difficulties is a crime,—a legal crime that conventional society goes on perpetrating to the detriment of its members and the damnation of the coming generations.

Marriage in our present society, is nothing more than a civil contract, entered into by two people at a nominal cost of from two dollars—or a bushel of beans—up, and is universally looked upon as honorable, respectable, and a matter for general congratulation. But, if the same two people wake up after awhile to find themselves occupying the relation of cat and dog it is considered neither proper nor legal that they should dissolve their prior contract by mutual agreement as it was formed.

They must pretend to hate each other whether they do or not, must malign each other's character, and, going before a legal tribunal, must allege one or more of what are termed statutory offences, before a cause for

divorce action can even be considered. Then comes the payment of a string of fees and expenses to be followed by a more or less humiliating public trial, and the anguish and suspense of awaiting the arbitrary decision of some judge.

The pretension is that divorce should be made *so* difficult and obnoxious that people will not willingly go into it. As a matter of fact, the farce is kept up largely in the interest and on behalf of the lawyers, many of whom thrive and grow fat on marital infelicities. It is a shame, however, that the lawyers have gone in and purloined the preacher's graft by legalizing the civil marriage. In this way they get the fees, coming and going, and cheat the clergy.

The truth is as every thinking person knows that no civil or religious ceremony whatever can possibly create or cement the bond of marriage,—neither is it to be annulled by any such edict. Two people if marriageable are married long before they go to the priest or the magistrate. And they are often really divorced before they are legally—conventionally—married.

Divorce as an actual relation is simply the awakening to conditions that already existed long ago, and which, perhaps unfortunately, the contracting parties did not discover until they entered the marriage relation. It probably took this relation, or experience, to bring about the discovery, although, if people were not such prudes and pretenders, such conditions might easily be discovered before marriage as well as after. But modern courtship is one round of deception, from start to finish, so what else is to be expected but ultimate disappointment and disillusionment?

The one cause, when it can be established, for which legal separation should be instantly granted, viz. incompatibility, is not recognized by the courts at all. Nine out of ten married couples live lives in tolerance of more or less intolerable conditions—conditions frequently of a nature that could not well be apprehended by anyone, leastwise by the raw sensibilities of the average court.

And yet they are the conditions that serve to embitter life, curse the children born under them, and lead to

suicide. Suicide is of two kinds—the rash, maniacal kind, and the slow, lingering kind—the kind that grows pale and sick, and dies finally of a broken heart. This, more than anything else, is that for which marital incompatibility is responsible.

The law, itself, takes cognizance only of the most brutal and demonstrative acts. Based on early precedents, and harking back to the law of savagery, modern law holds that a man has certain property rights in the woman he calls wife. That is, he owns the person of his wife and may abuse her up to a certain point in a variety of ways and she will have no legal recourse against the man who has only exercised his “rights” in the case. The time was not so very long ago that he could with impunity kill the woman if he chose. But then she was merely cattle. The world has moved a little.

Notwithstanding the legal status of the woman, it is, nevertheless, a curious fact, attributable to the operation of the law of compensation or to the innate courtesy of the judges, that a woman fares far better, and can make better terms, in court than a man under like circumstances.

What might be held as extreme cruelty and constitute a legal basis of action if done by the man—as for example, the hurling of flatirons or the use of abusive language, would be dismissed as a joke if the man were complainant. A man is presumed to be tough enough to stand a good deal, and again, marriage coming under the law of bargain and sale, it is presumed that the buyer must beware, and take care of himself. If he has got the worst of the bargain he can console himself that he is stung, that is all. All this on the old-time, savage plane.

On the plane of enlightenment, we know that if we are to advance ourselves and promote the highest interests of the race, we must conform to the law of nature, rather than the arbitrary law of convention.

Let us endeavor to come to an understanding regarding this matter of incompatibility. It is based on science and truth. People in general may be compared to the keys on a musical instrument. Each is placed by birth

and environment—heredity and education—let us say, within a certain octave, in which each gives forth a definite vibration and resultant tone. This tone is expressed and expresses itself through the entire organism. It is both audible and visible and recognizable by every other sense. In fact, the most accurate of all ways of judging of its quality is through the ordinary sense of smell.

It is poetically true that the soul of the rose pours forth in its perfume. The same is practically true of every individual of every species. Each animal has its peculiar odor, or “jiva,” as the oriental adepts term it. Some of these odors are particularly disagreeable to us, while others are tolerable. The explanation is that these animals are in a much lower octave, and vibrate a note that is more or less discordant to our perceptive scale.

The reason why the smell of animals is not at all disagreeable to some people is also capable of explanation. Incarnation follows a definite line, and the innate characteristics—those which constitute the individuality—of the lower animals will be maintained throughout the line, even after the human plane has been reached.

It is a fact, corroborated by the observation of nearly everyone, that occasionally an individual in human form will bear a most striking resemblance to some lower animal, to the dog, the hog, the squirrel, the fox, the eagle, the goose, etc. Fowler in his work on physiognomy points out and illustrates that there is often a most striking resemblance between the dog and his master. The question is here, did the dog choose the master, or the master the dog? It must be a case of mutual sympathy.

There are a good many people who resemble swine, live like swine, love swine, feast on fat pork, and smell—well, unlike roses. All are familiar with the characteristic odor of the black race which more than anything else is responsible for the color-line drawn between the races. It is not because of the negro's color, but because of his odor, that we decline his propinquity and intimate companionship.

This phase of the subject is a deep one and could well be extended into a volume. I have called attention to it merely to illustrate the inherent characteristics of in-

dividuals. It is this emanation of the soul—perhaps the soul itself—which constitutes the sensitive aura, or psychic envelope, of the individual, in every species from mouse to man.

Unless two individuals of a species, or differing species, occupy the same plane, or planes harmonious to each other, these sensitive auras will not only refuse to mingle, and there will be not only a lack of sympathy, but often only revulsion felt by the two whenever they approach each other.

The cause of such repulsiveness may not be perceived as an actual emanation, like an odor, though, on intimate acquaintance this is most usually the case. I have known several instances where odor has been the prime cause of people's separating, one in particular being the case of a beautiful and refined girl who married a young artisan. No doubt the young fellow had disguised his aura during the courting period, but the truth remains that the girl fled from him in perfect disgust before the end of the first week's honeymoon, and the only cause she would allege was that he "had such a dreadful smell." No doubt on more intimate and extended acquaintance he would have developed mental qualities that would have proved correspondingly repugnant to this delicate creature.

To attempt to associate with a person who is not psychically attuned is to say the least depressing, and if forcibly continued will certainly result in complete demoralization.

If a man and woman of different planes marry, the woman, if she be a strong woman, has power to elevate the man somewhat towards her standard, that is if he be not too low down, but a man will invariably sink to the level of the woman—associate beneath him. It is for this very reason that man by nature is more inconstant than woman. His very progress and safety lies in change, often in flight.

Here is a case for a Solomon and it happens every day. Two people associated for a time come at last to a sign which indicates the parting of ways. One of them refuses the right of separation, the other demands it—

who, outside of the parties themselves, is wise enough to decide the matter? It will be a thousand years before any court of equity will be found able to decide it.

How foolish to apply to the courts for their sanction of something which they do not, cannot, understand, and in which they have no interest whatever except a purely mercenary one. Here, then, is the time and place to put in practice a little of that beautiful ideal anarchy we have been preaching so much about. If we are above the law in these things let us prove it. It is a case where the civil law does not apply.

Why cannot people decide a matter of this nature that is so purely and peculiarly personal for themselves? Let them by all means arbitrate it. They know the truth well enough, let them be willing to admit it.

Oh, to be sure, it is the old, old story—one or the other of them claims to have been deceived—perhaps both of them were deceived. But what of this?—Are we not all deceived daily?—Is it a thing to go mad over, or into mourning about—to air as a personal grievance—to discredit and defame somebody as the sole cause thereof—to pull another down in order to build one's self up—to make a grand-stand play for sympathy—or worse, to seek revenge and retaliation for assumed wrongs?

No doubt these parties started out honestly, and in accordance with their best light. No doubt they tried their best to idealize each other and make the best of the situation in which they found themselves placed, and, though warned repeatedly by the clashing of discords and the recoil of auras, they persisted till the disillusioning. Perhaps he recognized it at the very beginning, but from a sense of chivalry or commiseration refrained from complaint. Perhaps she, too, knew it well enough, but, woman-like, trusted that time would heal the breach—that she (fond delusion to which so many fall victims!) could “make him over to suit her.”

Then, perhaps, when they did realize, they tried compromise, tried to appear before the world when all the time the heart, of one at least, was aching and bleeding for the response that was never felt.

Alas for such a life! Alas for the hopes of love blasted! Alas for the bitterness of wasted days! Is it unnatural, is it wrong, for the flower shut up in a dark cellar to reach out eagerly for the light that by chance streams through a seam in the wall? And when the day of rescue comes, if it ever comes, should the flower refuse to leave its murky surroundings—refuse to love and reward with its life the hand that saved it?

It is hard to understand how that one can desire to live and associate intimately with another conscious that affection is no more—hard to understand how that one person can be satisfied in a perfectly unreciprocal and unreciprocated relation. Without reciprocity there can be no love. There is also no such thing as unrequited love. If not requited, it ceases to be—anything but a mania.

Of course, there are personal, selfish reasons why people continue to live together long after the flame of affection has died out. One of the principal ones, in the case of woman, is support. Woman who has been educated to believe that she is dependent on man, naturally thinks that the man must support her. She fastens to him, and holds to him for this object alone. His sense of independence naturally resents this, and he will take every occasion to free himself of what he comes to regard as a sort of incubus. He does this in several ways, by separating himself from the home, by giving the woman an allowance, by joining the club—all to maintain an appearance of a condition which he knows is as false as hell.

It is all right in poesy to talk of clinging vines entwining strong oaks. Hubbard says that a woman who does not support a man will find her stock going below par. I believe there would be very few divorces sought or demanded if every woman took an active interest in her husband's business—not a curious, jealous interest, but a real womanly, helpful interest. I could state a dozen things which a woman might under ordinary conditions do to clinch the affections of the husband, I could state another dozen that she should refrain from doing—but, in nine cases out of ten she will do precisely

the wrong thing. And still women claim to be so intuitive and so tactful. It is the man that has to use tact, and use it constantly—but all this on the common plane.

When one arrives at the plane of true affinities, there is no need for the practice of daily deceits. Everything that the loved one does is perfect. It amounts to a mutual admiration society.

And right here is a point worth contemplating. It may be if we hunt for the pin that most often punctures the cement of our marital walls that we shall find it sticking in the cushion called criticism. There is certainly no stimulus equal to encouragement—courage, from “cour,” the heart, at last analysis is altogether a matter of heart, of affection. Encouragement through praise or otherwise adds support to thought.

All things are accomplished through a union of minds—supportive thought. No mind is really able to think alone, it thinks by reason of a certain subtle connection that it has with other minds. It may not even be conscious of this connection, but it exists all the same.

Many a child that might have blossomed into something great and grand had it had proper encouragement at the right age, has been made ugly and intractable through someone's fault-finding and censure. And we are all only children taller grown, so that the same rule applies to grown-ups as to children. Many a brilliant and capable man has been literally driven into the streets, to the saloon or the club, by some woman who persistently and pertinaciously discredited and discouraged him.

Moral: Judiciously push the velvet! Where love has sway, this cannot happen otherwise, for each will glory in the achievement of the other, and express only joy and satisfaction at beholding it.

I see in the increased prevalence of divorce, not the “menace to our homes and civilization” that churchly synods would make appear, but rather a hopeful sign that the very wobbly and wooden old tenement, called marriage, that has housed so much inharmony and bred so much woe is tottering and soon to tumble.

I believe that divorce is the one thing that is clearing

the way and laying a new foundation under the old ruin, making possible the erection someday of a more noble and enduring structure, of better material and more scientific design. Here we shall have no rickety stairways, dense walls, damp rooms like dungeons where sunlight never comes, wherein disease flourishes and crime stalks forth, but houses of glass with doors of crystal, having open courts under cloudless skies, with fountains and flowers, freedom and joy, for all who dwell within.

The first year of matrimony is adoration. The second year is exploration. The balance generally endurance.

—*Dorothy Dix.*

The Magic of Numbers

(Continued)

Single numbers refer occultly to a single Substance or Essence, denoting its successive changes in natural evolution. This primary substance is parthenogenetic, that is, virginally reproductive. But it reaches in time a maximum development, and, in order that a further evolution be effected, a certain separation is required.

This separation gives us a series of dual numbers beginning with 10, which marks the commencement of a new era of action. The "1" is the same eternal, positive element which was enfolded hitherto in the bosom of the universal negativity, "0", but which now stands forth individualized, causing by its union with this universal, multiple forms, hence the two together signify "ten-fold." This is the fundamental principle in Nature which affords the phenomena of increase, therefore, it is the symbol of "Fortune."

But let us proceed with the Hebrew letters and numbers:

I, the number TEN.—Perfection, supremacy, the triumph of Good, the potency of Will. The two primal elements—the typal "Adam and Eve"—having come thus into individual expression, mutually combine for multiplication, which takes place in geometrical ratio:

10, 100, 1000, etc., according to the power of the individualized *ego* ("I") to draw from the universal creative center. The number is extraordinarily fortunate.

K, the number ELEVEN.—Symbol of antagonism. Here we see the two imprisoned forces temporarily equalized, conflict being the result. For this reason, the number has acquired an evil reputation. It is Michael and his angels at war with Satan and his hosts. There is no question as to the ultimate outcome of the strife, but the present experience is disastrous. The Tarot symbol of the Maiden opening the Lion's mouth refers solely to the dominating potency of the feminine, or universal *ens*, at this stage, coming into a distinct germinal expression, on its way to triumph for a season over the masculine element. This is reflected in human history at certain periods during which Woman holds complete sway, as when she ruled Egypt. She is at the present time again rapidly rising in power and will in time assume a position of dominance. The number Eleven indicates success in perilous undertakings, but disaster wherever inharmony, or incompetence abides.

L, the number TWELVE.—Distinctively a cyclic number—the number of limitation and formal manifestation. Like its correlative number three, it is neutral and embodies all the germinating potencies of prior procreations. It is a sign of equilibrium and balance, of religion and law—a reflective, discriminating sign. In it lie experience, realization, sorrow and ultimate spiritualization. It is a good number for him who can possess his soul in patience and wait.

M, the number THIRTEEN.—Universally regarded as ominous and unfortunate, but it is not essentially so. It simply symbolizes death of the old and birth of the new. To those living in conventional ruts, in the groove of consistency and the mush of concession, who bow to authority and distrust initiative and innovation, this number will prove excessively evil from its iconoclastic and rude jolting habit. On the other hand, those who aspire to progression, who aim at blazing new trails through unexplored forests, who count not the cost in the search of truth, whose optimism is profound, and

whose eye of faith is clear and strong—unmoved by regrets, undaunted by fear—such will find thirteen a number of wonderful potency and great good.

N, the number FOURTEEN.—Like the number five on the primal plane, fourteen denotes the ascension of life, the feminine potency being strongly in the ascendant. The early symbol of the "Fish" in connection with this number refers to a certain crystalizing out, of a form or substance which later on in the work is to be converted into the splendor of the Sun. At present, the solar essence is merged in the waxing moon to be incubated and brought forth redeemed and rejuvenated. Only the passing experience itself is unpleasant and severe. The result is magnificent. Fourteen is a number of action, revolution, indecision, trial and danger.

S, the number FIFTEEN.—Symboling magic and mystery. As the man in Six stood between two lovers, so now the devil stands between two forces. But the attitude of the man was one of indecision while that of the devil implies control. The devil represents the astral force, which operates as evil or good according to man's ability to control it. The legend upon the arms of the Tarot figure: "Solve," "Coagule"—dissolve, coagulate—epitomizes the whole work of art. The starry (astral) essence is the agent of such operation and accomplishment. The masculine and feminine forces are seen chained to a block, forced to obey the Mephistophelian mandate. This gives the idea of fate, or destiny—of a circle circumscribing the human will. On ordinary planes this number signifies chance—often mischance—with the unfortunate results ascribed to original sin.

O, the number SIXTEEN.—Destruction and dissillusion, symbolized by the "Falling Tower." On the outer planes it predicts catastrophes, defeats, accidents and dangers. One of the men shown to be thrown from the tower lights on his feet and is saved harmless. We see such men occasionally, but they are rare. Such rule their stars, since they understand that misfortune means opportunity. This number denotes on the inner, chemical planes the materializing of universal elements, and birth into the visible world, a fall into matter, attended by

pain and tribulation. All that is gross must be pulverized and incinerated in the crucible of experience. That which has been thoroughly purged of the dross is alone fit for the embodiment of the reincarnating soul.

The planetary influences surrounding all these numbers will have very much to do with the way they work out in everyday experience.

The number Ten is governed by Mercury and will prove especially good for all undertakings favorably ruled by this planet that is, writing, speaking, study, travel, trade, etc.

Eleven is strongly dominated by Mars—rude, muscular force—and is adapted to riding, hunting, games, war, surgery, etc.

Twelve is governed by Venus and is favorable to music, dancing, amusement, culture, refinement, ornamentation, ostentation and social intercourse generally.

Thirteen is an independent number, controlled by no special planet, but responding to the Moon, hence its tendency to fluctuate and change.

Fourteen is ruled by Mars, but its influence is more plastic and controlled than in Eleven. Here it is "fire in water" and will either cook everything to a queen's taste or burn and scald the whole—depending on the chef in charge.

Fifteen is dominated by Jupiter, though the surrounding aspects would outwardly indicate a less inauspicious control. By this we learn that dawn is ever just behind darkness, and good hides even in the midst of evil—ready to burst forth into expression. In apparent destiny and fatality there lies concealed something bright—a *chance* that lures and beckons—inspiring us with a belief that we can break the iron chain.

Sixteen is under dominance of Saturn, the cold, evil, planet. Here we get congelation—winter—the fall of Sol, the extreme limit of the universal circle touched. But, in this apparent death of life, we perceive the method of Nature's mysterious renovation going on beneath the snows and glaciers in the warm heart of earth.

All these symbols teach us that the sentient experiences of life are but landmarks pointing out to us our true position in the great and otherwise inexplicable Desert of Existence.

The Echo of an Echo

Isn't it funny how the churches and the good church people always manage to hang on to the tail-board of the procession?

Let somebody announce a new truth and he becomes forthwith the target of ecclesiastic denunciation and criticism. After they have railroaded the reformer to Hades, and the world has pretty generally adopted and practicalized his discovery, along comes the Church, rubs its eyes, catches on and annexes the thing, declaring solemnly that it is part and parcel of the divine plan of salvation!

Now cometh the Rev. Baker P. Lee, who might be the poetical first cousin of the Rev. Baker G. Eddy, into the pulpit of Christ Church, Los Angeles, clad in robes episcopate and uttereth:

"Sickness is the direct result of the violation of God's law, either wilfully or through heredity—largely the former. In this movement we are taught to use the God within us. I believe it is the duty of the clergy to point out flagrant violations of physical, mental laws. This will be done in the classes and lectures.

"From dyspepsia and bad livers come more trouble, suffering and discord than from almost anything else in the world, and this situation can be relieved by the keeping of God's laws of common sense.

"Fill the spirit with life and God, and with the love of Christ; irrigate the desert lands of the ignorant mind and it will blossom like the rose. Teach the body to obey its master. The cry of the people is for health of mind, body and spirit, and this is what Christ came to give.

"It is as much our duty to teach men God's laws of health, mental and physical, as to teach the revealed word concerning spiritual life. How to breathe, how to exercise—the value of bathing, proper mastication of food, and necessity of recreation. Let us hitch the stars to our wagon and climb up on the Word of God. By doing this, we will drive out sin and sickness, the millennium. We will seek to cure the causes of disease, as the causes of

plagues are driven out to save the people before the real sickness comes. This movement will travel from city to city until we have cleansed the Augean stables of the body, mind and spirit the world over, and health, happiness and righteousness take the place of sorrow, sickness and sin.

"I believe in the emblem of the circle and triangle, which represent the power of God and the skill of the physician.

"We have too many essays on theories and too few practical sermons on religion and love.

"I believe that suggestive therapeutics is sanctioned by God and it is the duty of the church to practice it."

The speaker declared, however, that he does not believe in hypnotism, and he put much stress upon the value of prayer as a healing agency for serious diseases. He cited the scripture according to James 5:14-15 as his authority for Divine healing: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray for him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

"Healing is scientific. I cannot see how the most conservative can find aught for objection in this movement. It was clearly taught by Christ, and practiced by the early church."

Verily Mrs. Eddy will need to redouble her patents.

Demonstration

It seems a smart thing to the great majority of people—the class that never thinks—for one man to rise in the social scale above his fellows. The trick or stratagem employed to do this is never questioned by the "set" whose adulation has been and is the trickster's chief incentive.

There are instances, to be sure, where such position is a mark of superior mental endowment, but noted character specialists, like Lombroso, declare that the successful and powerful ones who go to make up our present

aristocracy exhibit unmistakable signs of degeneracy, and have, therefore, no real title to greatness.

Both history and observation show this to have been always the case. Take the late King of Servia as an example. What but the cunning that accompanies the degenerate mind, together with the stolid stupidity and superstition of the masses could ever keep such a wretch for years at the head of affairs? And this example is paralled in many other courts of Europe and Asia today, as well as in America where it finds replication and reproduction in the various "smart sets" all over this theoretically free-and-equal land. This is the reign of class-destination and caste.

When we consider the pitiable and ignoble condition to which India has been reduced by the Caste System, we ought, as really free-born American citizens to hold up our hands in holy horror at the very idea of such a system taking root on our free soil. On the contrary, we—the great mass of us—acknowledge it, bow down to it, serve it and support it. Everybody knows there is social caste, political caste, religious caste, and all other kinds of caste in America, and that we take pride in aping the effete society of Europe, which had its rise in the dark medieval ages.

Caste seems inseparable from societies and institutions. Vanity lies at the root of it. Money—the accredited power of money—makes it possible. Caste is inculcated in the cradle, taught in the school, preached from the pulpit. It is the distinctive feature of the old social regime, built upon the idea of Divine Right, Blue Blood, the slavery of man, the subjugation of woman.

And what, pray, shall we say of our New Thought schools? Are they teaching any new doctrine, are they inculcating any higher principle, are they advancing a nobler standard?

Beginning with that most pharasaical sect called Christian Science that sets itself apart and aloof from all other sects, writing upon its brow, "I am holier than thou," and going through all other sects that have a name and others nameless still, we find this same intolerance, bigotry, and finally caste.

